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Washington Irving

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Classics in the Grades

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE SKETCH-BOOK

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
CRITICAL OPINIONS AND DIRECTIONS TO TEACHERS

BY

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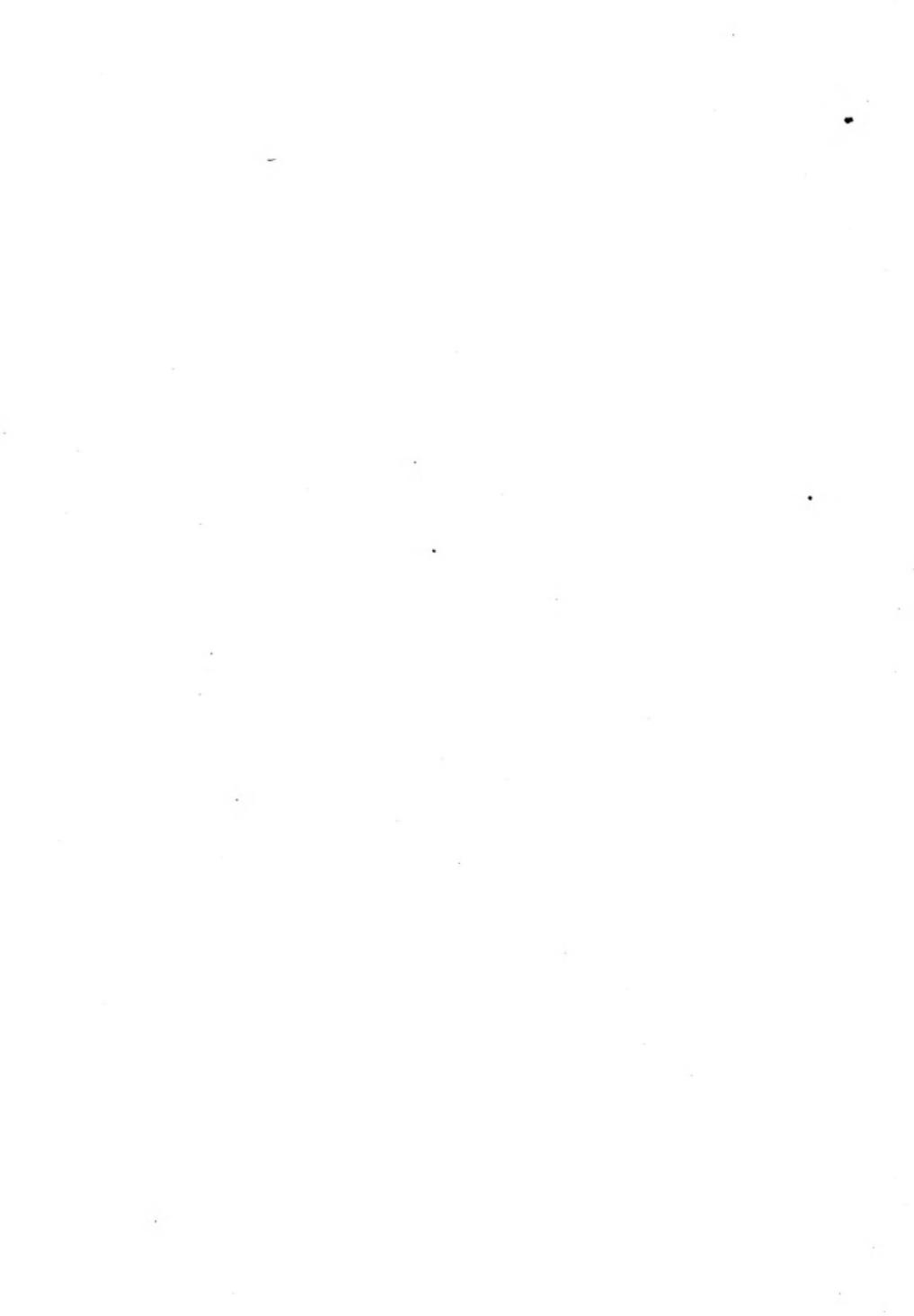
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add to the material interest  
of the text.



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## PREFATORY NOTE TO THE TEACHER

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BEFORE the reading of *The Sketch-Book* is taken up for class work the teacher should make a careful study of the history of the composition of each sketch, its relation to the life of the author, and its relations to other works by the same author. While *The Sketch-Book* will appeal to the ordinary reader, yet some preparation on the part of the teacher is essential for class-room work. This critical study should be of a twofold character: First, the foundations upon which the author built his sketches; and second, references to stories or essays of other authors with which the sketches of Irving may be compared or contrasted. In teaching any classic it should be the aim of the teacher to implant in the minds of the pupils a strong desire to read that particular sketch.

### OUTLINE FOR CLASS READING

A classic improves with each reading, and each sketch in this collection should be read at least three times. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been selected by the editor for the purpose of illustrating a method of presentation. The other narratives may be presented in a similar manner with slight modifications.

### THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

#### FIRST READING

The first step in the reading of any classic is to read it as a whole for the purpose of permitting the pupils to get the thread

of the story. In no sense should this reading be used as a formal reading lesson. We shall make an inevitable failure if we attempt to teach reading in connection with literary appreciation of a classic. The first lessons, then, should require merely an intelligent reading of the sketch. Each day's lesson should be so planned that it will stop at some interesting place in order to keep up a sustained interest on the part of the class. When we have read and have grasped the story as a whole, we are ready for the second reading.

### SECOND READING

In reading the story a second time we should aim to study the mechanical means by which the author secured his effects. In this detailed study the teacher should do all the reading, planning each day's lesson so that it will stop at some logical place in the story. During the second reading the student should form clear conceptions of—

(a) *The Characters*.—Are the people in the story life-like? Are they real? Can you see them? What are the prominent traits of each character? Has the story a hero? a heroine? Gather together all that the author says of the principal characters. Which is your favorite character? Why? Emphasize the fact that ghost stories were fashionable in Irving's day. Show that while Irving frequently employed a supernatural incident or a ghost story, he did not at any time aim to secure the effect of terror. He plays with the ghosts, but only to produce a smile on the part of his readers. The Headless Horseman is only a prelude to the shattered pumpkin. Compare and contrast Ichabod Crane with other schoolmasters in literature.

(b) *The Setting*.—Where is the scene of the story laid? At what time of the year? Does the author mention any "local color," that is, objects, customs, and costumes peculiar to the time and place? Can you call up a mental picture of the old Sleepy Hollow schoolhouse? Is the home of the Van Tassell family vividly portrayed? Be sure to get a good, vivid picture of the

interior and exterior of the old farmhouse. Dwell upon the "quilting bee," and show how it played a part in the development of the story. Select the best descriptions of nature. Do the descriptions of nature surpass the delineations of personal portraits? Justify the statement of Irving that "the story is a mere whimsical band to connect the description of scenery, customs, manners, etc."

(e) *The Plot*.—Is the story interesting? Does it hold your interest? Are there any parts where the interest lags? Do the facts follow each other in the sequence of time? Does the story lack unity? At what point in the story is the interest (climax) at the highest pitch?

(d) *The Style*.—Name the colloquial and idiomatic expressions. Select words that are strong and terse; those that are highly polished or ornamental. Show how the author uses drollery, grace, pathos, and grandeur in turn to touch the heart and move the fancy. Dwell upon the fact that his English is pure and elegant; his sentences are clear and sparkling. Of the three qualities of style, clearness, force, and beauty, which is most marked here? Are the sentences short, long, or of average length? Are the paragraphs short, medium, or long? Does he use words precisely? Which of the following words best describe his diction: clear, simple, polished, ornate, terse, idiomatic, colloquial, verbose? Irving was pre-eminently a story-teller; does this sketch justify that statement? To what extent does he use figurative language? Where do his figures come from or what is the source of his comparison?

(e) *Memory Gems*.—The pupils should be encouraged to select choice passages for memorization and to give reasons for their selection.

(f) *Collateral Reading*.—The study of this story should be presented in such an interesting manner as to give the pupils a desire to read other stories.

(g) *Composition and Outline Work*.—Brief compositions may be written upon selected topics or in reproducing parts of the story. The following list of composition subjects from "The Legend of

“Sleepy Hollow” may be profitably used in connection with the study of the story:

- (a) The Schoolmaster of the Early Days.
- (b) The Schoolhouse of the Early Days *vs.* the Modern Schoolhouse.
- (c) Early Education *vs.* Modern Education.
- (d) An Old Dutch Farmhouse.
- (e) Ichabod Crane, the Type of the Yankee Schoolmaster.
- (f) An Old Time Dutch Supper.
- (g) The Quilting Bee.
- (h) Baltus Van Tassell, the Dutch Farmer.

### THIRD READING

This reading should be free from all criticism, and should be given for the purpose of permitting the student to enjoy the revealed beauty of the story.

# THE SKETCH-BOOK

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## THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

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“I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so the traveller that stragleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would.”

LYLY'S EUPHUES.

I WAS always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations.

HOMER: Noted epic poet of Greece; author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

JOHN LYLY (1554–1605): An English dramatist and wit, who is best known from his novel *Euphues*.

EMOLUMENT: Profit arising from office.

My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes—with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her

mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aërial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine;—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great

CHRONICLE: A narrative of events disposed in the order of time.

men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America, as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher; but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another, caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and

BALEFUL: An obsolete word, "evil."

PICTURESQUE: Picture-like, possessing qualities that would be effective in a picture.

sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter who had travelled on the Continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the Bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

**ST. PETER'S:** The metropolitan church of the Roman See. It is built upon the site of the religious edifice erected in the time of Constantine, 306.

**COLISEUM:** The amphitheatre of the Emperor Vespasian at Rome.

**TERNI:** Town of Italy, noted for the Falls of Velino.

**BAY OF NAPLES:** A bay on the southwest coast of Italy, regarded as one of the most beautiful harbors of the world.

## THE VOYAGE

---

Ships, ships, I will descrie you  
Amidst the main,  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim.  
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.  
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

OLD POEM.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition, by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another.

Irving made his first voyage to Europe in a sailing vessel in 1804.

PREPARATIVE: That which prepares, preparation.

From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacaney until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In traveling by land there is a continuity of scene and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain," at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken: we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest and fear and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most

"A LENGTHENING CHAIN": The quotation is from Goldsmith's *Traveler*:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own;—to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

**TO REVISIT THE SCENES OF HIS CHILDHOOD:** Irving remained abroad for seventeen years.

**QUARTER-RAILING:** Narrow molded planks reaching from the top of the stern to the gangway, serving as a fence to the quarter-deck.

**MAIN-TOP:** The top of a mast of a ship.

**THOSE HAPPY SHORES:** In this connection read a most delightful series of musings by George William Curtis in *Prue and I.*

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave, has brought the ends of the world into communion, has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south, has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life, and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

**GAMBOLS:** Skipping or leaping about in a frolic.

**PORPOISES:** Hog-fishes.

**GRAMPUS:** A large fish from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

**DESCRIED:** To spy out or to discover.

**SPAR (nautical):** A long beam, yard, boom.

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail ahead!’—it was

**BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND:** High submarine plateaus off the coast of Newfoundland, between 600 and 700 miles in length. Dense fogs prevail in this region.

**FISHING SMACK:** A small sailing vessel, rigged as a sloop, used chiefly in the coasting and fishing trade.

**SMACKING:** Making a quick, sharp noise.

scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors: but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black column of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by

PUT THE SHIP ABOUT (nautical): Change her course by tacking.

DEEP CALLED UNTO DEEP: "Deep called unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts."—Psalm xlvi, 7.



SUNNYSIDE. HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING

flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water: her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine

**BULK-HEADS:** Partitions in a vessel to separate apartments on the same deck.

**WELTERING:** To rise and fall, as waves; to tumble over, as billows.

weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep!

I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of “Land!” was given from the masthead. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American’s bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants along the coast, the headlands of Ireland stretching out into the channel, the Welsh mountains towering into the clouds,—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire

**SHIPS OF WAR:** England was at war with France at this time.

**MERSEY:** A river in England on which Liverpool is situated.

of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill,—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers-on, others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He

A VILLAGE CHURCH: From Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*—  
“The decent church that topped the neighboring hill.”

had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features; it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but I felt that I was a stranger in the land.

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#### SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What is the main idea of the voyage?
2. In what way does the ocean voyage make us ready for an appreciation of Europe?
3. What is the value of Irving's thoughts?
4. What were some of the amusements of the voyage?
5. Recall some of Irving's day-dreams.
6. In your own words narrate the captain's story.
7. Why is a sea voyage full of subjects for meditation?
8. Describe the wreck; the storm; the crowd on the pier.
9. What great battle had been fought before Irving reached Liverpool?
10. Why did Irving use the expression: "I stepped upon the land of my forefathers"?
11. Select and define the nautical words or phrases used in this sketch.
12. Name the objects of interest as the ship approached the shore.

## RIP VAN WINKLE

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### A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,  
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,  
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep  
Unto thylke day in which I creep  
Into my sepulchre—

CARTWRIGHT.

[THE following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman

POSTHUMOUS: Published after the death of an author.

THYLKE: Compound of thus and like, that same.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT: An English divine and dramatist.

KNICKERBOCKER: Derived from *knicker*, to nod, and *bocker*, books; one who nods or dozes over books.—Irving.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER: In *Bracebridge Hall* Irving writes as follows: “Diedrich Knickerbocker was a native of New York, a descendant from one of the ancient Dutch families which originally settled that province and remained there after it was taken possession of by the English in 1664. With the laudable hereditary feeling thus kept up among these worthy people did Mr. Knickerbocker undertake to write a history of his native city, comprising the reign of its three Dutch governors during the time

of New-York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province, during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established;

that it was yet under the domination of the Hogenmogens (the High Mightinesses) of Holland. In the execution of this design the little Dutchman has displayed great historical research and a wonderful consciousness of the dignity of his subject. His work, however, has been so little understood as to be pronounced a mere work of humor, satirizing the follies of the times, both in politics and morals, and giving whimsical views of human nature."

*The History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker (Washington Irving), was published in 1809.

and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now, that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory, to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby in his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered “more in sorrow than in anger,” and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality,

What is it “to ride a hobby”? What does the author mean by the expression, “kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors”?

“*The History of New York* was received with almost universal acclaim. It is true that some of the old Dutch inhabitants who sat down to its perusal, expecting to read a veritable account of the exploits of their ancestors, were puzzled by the indirection of its commendation, and several excellent old ladies of New York and Albany were in blazing indignation at the ridicule put upon the old Dutch people, and minded to ostracize the irreverent author from all social recognition.”—Charles Dudley Warner’s *Life of Irving*.

almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager

**WATERLOO MEDAL:** A medal of honor given to British soldiers for the battle of Waterloo, June 15, 1815.

**QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING:** A valuable coin on account of its rarity. For a number of years it was supposed that a small number of these farthings were coined.

**KAATSKILL:** Now written Catskill.

Why did the good wives regard the Catskill Mountains as "perfect barometers"?

In the year 1800 Irving made his first voyage up the Hudson in a sloop. It was in the good old days before steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space and driven all poetry and

may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were

romance out of travel. Many years afterward he wrote of this experience: "But of all the scenery of the Hudson, the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect upon my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them, predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day, undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach, at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the sun, until, in the evening, they printed themselves against the sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape."

At the time that *Rip Van Winkle* was written (1819) Irving had seen the Catskills only from the river. In 1832, on his return from Europe, he visited the Catskills for the first time.

Irving had no special village in view when he wrote this story. In the play of "*Rip Van Winkle*" it is called the village of "Falling Water."

**PETER STUYVESANT:** The fourth and last governor of New Netherland arrived in 1647. He was intolerant in religious affairs, and raised a vigorous opposition on account of his contempt for popular rights. In 1655 he attacked the Swedish colony of Delaware and annexed it to the Dutch possessions.

some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks, brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathereocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was

When the English fleet came to New Amsterdam in 1664 Stuyvesant could make no effective resistance and signed a treaty of surrender September 9th. He continued to reside in New York on his extensive farm of Great Bouwerie, and died there.

**PROVINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN:** The British, under the Duke of York, took control of New Netherlands in 1664 and changed its name to New York. Holland got possession of it again in 1673 during a war with England, but in 1674 it was surrendered by treaty to England.

The province of New Netherlands was settled on Manhattan Island in 1613.

**FORT CHRISTINA:** The Swedish settlement near the present site of Wilmington, Delaware, which Stuyvesant captured was called Fort Christina.

Define the following expressions: "A simple man"; "hen-pecked"; obsequious and conciliating abroad,"; curtain lecture."

moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught

**OBSEQUIOUS:** Slavishly ready to fall in with the will or wish of another.

**TERMAGANT:** Boisterous, furious, quarrelsome, scolding.

In what way was Rip Van Winkle "thrice blessed"? How did the amiable sex look upon Rip's domestic squabbles? How did the children regard Rip? the dogs? What was the great error in Rip's composition? What is the significance of the word "profitable" in the expression, "an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor"? Was Rip's labor profitable?

them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in

What is a "Tartar's lance"?

the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually

**PATRIMONIAL:** Pertaining to an estate inherited from one's ancestors.

**GALLIGASKINS:** Loose breeches in general.

dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least

TERRORS OF A WOMAN'S TONGUE: In this connection read *Taming of the Shrew*, Act I, Sc. 2.

What is meant by “a gallows air”? “yelping precipitation”? “a tart temper never mellows with age”?

flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Time grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

Is the phrase “perpetual club of the sages” ironical?

RUBICUND: Reddish.

DAPPER: Little and active.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and, letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage,

**JUNTO:** A combination of persons openly or secretly engaged for political purposes.

**PATRIARCH:** The father and ruler of a family; a venerable old man.

**SUN-DIAL:** An instrument for indicating the time by means of the position of a shadow on a dial; before the invention of watches and clocks sun-dials were the means of telling time.

and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From

VIRAGO: A female warrior.

WALLET: A pocket-book, especially a large one for containing papers and bank-notes.

an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!” He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same ring through the still evening air, “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!”—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master’s side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now

**SHAGGED:** Covered with some scrubby growth.

**IMPENDING:** Overhanging.

felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks,

**GRIZZLED:** An old or gray-haired person.

**JERKIN:** A short close-fitting coat or jacket worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

**GULLY:** A channel worn in the earth by running water.

toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in the mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, other jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's.

**AMPHITHEATRE:** An oval or circular building with seats rising behind and above each other around a central open space.

What objects of wonder presented themselves to Rip? What is meant by "a quaint outlandish fashion"? What was peculiar about the "visages" of these strange characters?

**DOUBLET:** Originally a wadded garment; it had short skirts and was girded round the body with a belt of leather.

Their visages too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they

**SUGAR-LOAF HAT:** It was commonly worn in the seventeenth century; it had a high-pointed crown.

Describe the “commander” of this strange group.

**DOMINIE:** A title applied to clergymen, especially of the Dutch Reformed Church.

suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat

among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“Oh! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening’s gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.” With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to

FIRELOCK: Flintlock.

ROYSTERERS: Loud-voiced or rollicking fellows.

scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of

surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to

FLAGON: Bottle with a narrow mouth used for holding liquors.

ADDLED: Muddled, confused.

decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—“ My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “ has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “ The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—

**A TALL NAKED POLE:** A flag-pole or liberty pole, on which was a red cap.

**RED NIGHT-CAP:** A liberty-cap. During the French Revolution the red cap was regarded as the symbol of liberty.

all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollects. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Brummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean biliary-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the

PHLEGM: in this connection the word means dulness, stupidity.

BABYLONISH JARGON: Confused talk.

army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—

**FEDERAL OR DEMOCRAT:** The Federal party was friendly to the adoption of the Constitution, while the Anti-Federal, or Democratic party, was opposed to it.

**A-KIMBO:** To rest the hand on the hip with the elbow thrown forward and out.

“ a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!”

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“ Well—who are they?—name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “ Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, “ Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

“ Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“ Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the

TORY: A member of the British party during the Revolutionary War.

STONY-POINT: A rocky promontory on the Hudson. The fort on its top was stormed and captured by General Anthony Wayne, July 16, 1779.

foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony-Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was

ANTONY'S NOSE: A fanciful name applied by Irving to a rocky promontory on the Hudson. See Irving's *History of New York*, Book VI, ch. iv.

myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry, "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; its twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she

broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of

Adrian Vanderdonk published his *Description of New Netherland* in 1656.

the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Hendrick Hudson's vessel was called "The Half-Moon."

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times “before the war.” It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that ar-

rived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

#### NOTE

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kyffhäuser Mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

“The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly

rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

#### POSTSCRIPT

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with watersnakes basking in the sun, on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

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#### SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON RIP VAN WINKLE

1. What is the general character of this sketch?
2. Compare the schoolmaster, Derrick Van Brummel, with Ichabod Crane.
3. What is meant by a "torrent of household eloquence"?
4. Was Rip's labor profitable? Why not?
5. Name several defects in Rip's character.
6. Has the story a moral? If so, what is it?
7. Characterize Rip's wife.
8. Explain the following sentence: "The blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape."
9. Explain the following sentence: "A tart temper never mellows with age and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use."
10. Narrate the story of Rip from the time he left the village until his return.

# THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

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(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIED-RICH KNICKERBOCKER.)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

*Castle of Indolence.*

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a

**CASTLE OF INDOLENCE:** A celebrated poem published in 1748 by James Thomson, who also wrote *The Seasons*.

**TAPPAN ZEE** (sea): An expansion of the Hudson River in the vicinity of Tarrytown, New York; length, about 12 miles; greatest width, about 4 miles.

**ST. NICHOLAS:** The original St. Nicholas was bishop of Myra in Lycia, who lived about 300 A. D. On a voyage to Palestine, it is said, a sailor was drowned, and St. Nicholas restored him to life. He is the patron saint of sailors, travelers, merchants, and children; reverenced by the Dutch under the name of Santa Claus.

small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greenburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good house-wives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enought to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet,

St. Nicholas is very often alluded to in Irving's *History of New York* (Book II, Chapters ii and v; Book VI, Chapters iv, viii, and ix).

**TARRY TOWN:** A village in Westchester County, New York, situated on the Tappan Zee, 24 miles north of New York City. It was the scene of Andr<sup>o</sup>'s capture in 1780 and is the burial-place of Washington Irving.

Why is nature "peculiarly quiet at noon-time"? What was the peculiar character of the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow? What is meant by a "continual reverie"? To what kinds of "marvellous beliefs" were the inhabitants given?



SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD

and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered

REVERBERATED: Driven back, returned.

IF EVER I SHOULD WISH FOR A RETREAT, ETC.: This wish of Irving was literally gratified when he became owner of Sunnyside. His home at Irvington was built in the seventeenth century and was originally known as "Wolfert's Roost."

The "Dutch" are low German who lived down near the sea; those who lived near the mountains are called high German.

Pow-wow: A dance, feast, or other public celebration preliminary to a grand hunt, a council, a war-like expedition; a meeting where there is more noise than deliberation.

by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this

**HENDRICK HUDSON:** A noted English navigator, after whom Hudson Bay, Hudson Strait, and the Hudson River were named. He discovered the river which bears his name on his third voyage, while seeking a northwest passage to India.

**NIGHT-MARE:** An oppressed state during sleep accompanied by a feeling of fear or inability to escape from some threatened danger.

“Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;  
He met the nightmare and her nine fold,  
Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, Aroint thee, aroint thee.”—*King Lear*, Act III, Sc. 4.

What is an “enchanted region”? What is an “apparition”? What is meant by “floating facts”? What is a “superstition”? Explain: “region of shadows”; “visionary propensity”; “unconsciously imbibed”; “the witching influence”; “powers of the air.”

**DOMINANT:** Exercising chief authority.

enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege, that the body of the trooper having been in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

**ENCHANTED:** Held as by a spell.

**HESSIAN:** In 1776 the British Government hired of German petty princes about 20,000 troops, for the services of which England paid \$9,000,000. They were called Hessians from the fact that 17,000 of them were hired from the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.

**COLLATING:** Bringing together and comparing; noting points of agreement and disagreement; applied particularly to manuscripts and books.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable, that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by everyone who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New-York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees

and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, “tarried,” in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat

**VEGETATING:** Living like vegetables, *i. e.*, to have a mere inactive physical existenee.

Mr. Irving first heard of the story of the Headless Horseman from his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, in Birmingham, at the time of his visit to England in 1819. The two homesick friends fell to talking about old times and scenes, and among the stories that Mr. Van Wart recalled was this one, which so tickled Irving's fancy that he sat down at once and rapidly sketched the outline of his story, which he afterward finished in London and sent home to America, as the sixth number of *The Sketch-Book*.

**WIGHT:** A person, creature, thing; an uncanny person.—Clarence Cook.

Explain the following terms: “sojourned”; “tarried”; “cognomen”; “genius of famine.” What is a “scarecrow”?

at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out;—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative

**SNIPE NOSE:** A nose like the bill of the bird called the snipe, which is sometimes one-quarter the length of its whole body.

**WITHE:** A tough flexible twig, especially of willow, used for binding things together.

**EEL-POT:** A kind of basket for catching eels, so constructed that the eels can easily force their way in, but cannot get out.

voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, “spare the rod and spoil the child.”—Ichabod Crane’s scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that wincest at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called “doing his duty by their parents”; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that “he would

WINCED: Made a sudden shrinking movement.

URCHIN: A mischievous boy.

What is meant by the following expressions: “appalling sound of the birch”? “urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge”? “one of those cruel potentates of the school”? “administered justice with discrimination”? “like the hum of a beehive”? “a formidable birch-tree”? “doing his duty by their parents”? “so consolatory to the smarting urchin”?

remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the round of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton hand-kerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to

**ANACONDA:** The anaconda possesses great constricting powers, the larger specimens being able to crush and swallow large animals.

water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway, with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all

**THE LION BOLD:** This refers to the famous old New England Primer, which has an illuminated alphabet. At the letter L it has this rude couplet:

“The lion bold  
The lamb doth hold.”

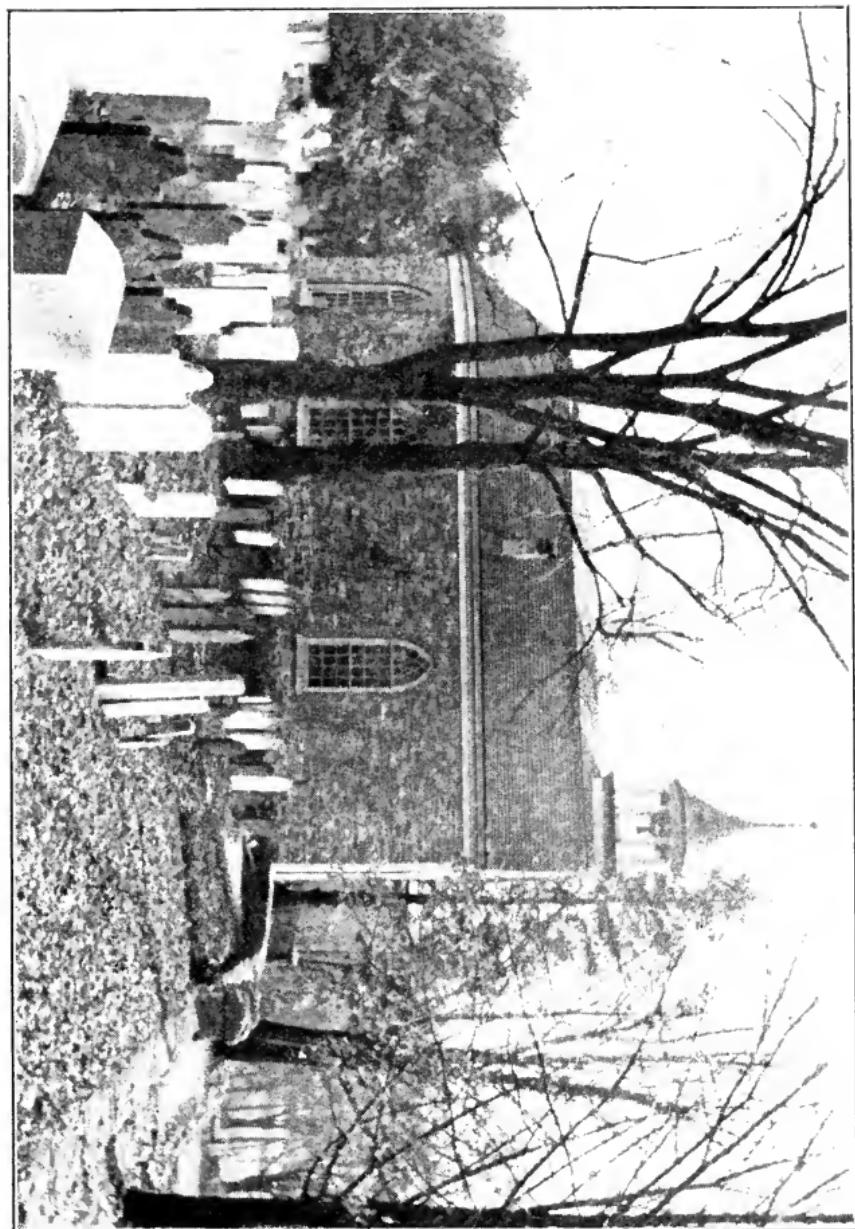
**WHILOME:** Formerly, once upon a time.

**MAGNANIMOUSLY:** Like a great soul.

**VOCATIONS:** Calling, business, trade, occupation.

**PSALMODY:** Psalm-singing.

**CARRIED AWAY THE PALM:** A branch of the palm tree was borne or worn by the ancients as a symbol of triumph. This expression means that Ichabod surpassed the parson in excellence.



OLD DUTCH CHURCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW

the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated “by hook and by crook,” the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house,

**QUAVERS:** To sing in an artless manner or with a shaking or tremulous tone.

**BY HOOK AND BY CROOK:** By direct or indirect means.

The old Dutch church is a small building with rough sides of the country stone, surmounted by a picturesque roof and with an open bell-turret, over which still veers the vane pierced with the initials of Vrederick Felypsen, who built the church and endowed it in 1699. The church is seldom used except in the summer time. On communion Sundays the handsome seventeenth century Jacobean table of oak brought from Holland is set out with the plain vessels of silver presented by Queen Anne.

What is meant by “head-work”? What is a “pedagogue”? Explain “country swains.”

and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the most bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's *History of New*

**COTTON MATHER:** The son of Increase Mather, was born in Boston in 1663, and was graduated from Harvard before he was sixteen years old. He died in 1728. He was active in urging the witchcraft persecutions. He wrote much against intemperance and in every way aimed at being useful to society. He was one of the most learned men in America at the time in which he lived. His own publications numbered 382.

Explain "supernumerary"; "the parade of a silver tea-pot"; "our man of letters"; "how he would figure among them"; What is an "epitaph"? What is a "country bumpkin"? In what way was Ichabod a "travelling gazette"? What is meant by a "man of great erudition"?

England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket, of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would

**WHIP-POOR-WILL:** This is a bird that is only heard after sun-down. It receives its name from the fact that its note is thought to resemble those words.

What is meant by a "simple credulity"? "capacious swallow"? "harbinger of storm"?

stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge block-head of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, “in linked sweetness long drawn out,” floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts, and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and

LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT: See in Milton's *L'Allegro* the line—

“Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

Why does the author call the beetle a “blockhead”? What is a “varlet”? a “ghost”? a “witch's token”? What is meant by “nasal melody”? What are “direful omens”? “portentous sights”?

would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted spectre beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness: and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been

TOPSY-TURVY: Upside down.

What is meant by “sheeted spectre”? “curdling awe”? “uncouth being”? “phantoms of the mind”?

more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man, than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam, the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and

**PERAMBULATIONS:** Walking about, strolling.

**SAARDAM:** A town in Holland, 5 miles northwest from Amsterdam. Peter the Great worked here as a ship's carpenter.

**STOMACHER:** A part of the dress covering the front of the body, generally forming the lower part of the bodice in front and usually projecting down into the skirt or lapping over it.—*Century Dictionary*.

What is meant by "plump as a partridge"? a "blooming lass"? a "coquette"?

withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night;

PIQUED: Prided or valued.

What is meant by "so tempting a morsel"? Define the following words: "stronghold"; "nestling"; "babbled."

swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldly porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly,

**CONVOYING:** To accompany on the way for protection, either by sea or land.

Define the following words : “skimmed”; “porkers”; “rich morsel”; “sumptuous”; “luxurious”; “mind's eye.”

and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole fam-

Explain the following expressions: “snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie”; “geese swimming in their own gravy”; “ducks pairing cosily in dishes”; “decent competency of onion sauce”; “bright chanticleer”; “chivalrous spirit”; “enraptured Ichabod”; “fat meadow lands”; “shingle palaces.”

ily of children mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee—or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers. The low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a

**SETTING OUT FOR KENTUCKY:** When this sketch was written Kentucky was the objective point of emigration. Ichabod, unlike the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow, was not content to stay long in one place.

**PEWTER:** An alloy, usually consisting of tin and lead.

Explain the following expression: “household trumpery.” What is meant by “utensils of husbandry”? “resplendent pewter”?

quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar, gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle-keep,

What is meant by "linsey-woolsey"? "claw-footed chairs"? "covert of asparagus tops"? "well-mended china"? "regions of delight"? "knight-errant"? "enchanters"? "fiery dragons"? "walls of adamant"? "castle-keep"? Which has the greater charm for Ichabod, Katrina or the property to which she is the heiress?

where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great

Explain the following expressions: “a country coquette”; “a labyrinth of whims and caprices”; “fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood”; “roystering blade.”

HERCULEAN: Having the size and strength of Hercules. In Greek mythology Hercules is worshipped as the god of physical strength and courage.

knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights, and with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather, he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo,

**TARTAR:** A wandering people of Europe noted for their horsemanship.

**UMPIRE:** A person selected to see that the rules of a game are enforced and to decide disputed points; a third person to whom a controversy is submitted for arbitration.

Explain the following expressions: "dexterous on horseback"; "overbearing roughness"; "dash of waggish good humor"; "boon companions." Define the following expression: "well-known crest."

like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's palings, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod

**DON COSSACKS:** People who live on the river Don, noted as skilful horsemen.

**RANTIPOLE:** A wild, reckless fellow.

Define the following expressions: "madcap prank"; "the blooming Katrina"; "uncouth gallantries"; "amorous toyings"; "endearments of a bear"; "sparking"; "formidable rival."

Crane had to contend, and considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival, would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and

**SUPPLE-JACK:** A strong, pliant cane; a name of a vine which grows in the South, some of them furnishing walking-sticks.

**ACHILLES:** Son of Peleus and Thetis, was the great hero of the Greeks in the Trojan War, who brought trouble upon his countrymen during the Siege of Troy because the captive maiden Briseis was given to Agamemnon instead of to him.

Define the following expressions: “pliability and perseverance in his nature”; “yielding, but tough.” What is meant by “thwarted in his amours”? “in a gently-insinuating manner”? “meddlesome interference of parents”?

like a reasonable man, and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts, is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway

What is meant by "sagely observed"? "vulnerable point"? "door of access"?

over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf”; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked

PRECEPTOR: A teacher, instructor.

Explain the following expressions: “deadly feud”; “rough chivalry”; “knights-errant of yore”; “double the schoolmaster up and put him on a shelf”; “pacific system”; “rustic waggery”; “whimsical persecution.”

out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of with and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way, matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power, the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle

**FERULE:** A cane, rod, or flat piece of wood, as a ruler, used for the punishment of children in schools by striking some part of the body, particularly the palm of the hand.—*Century Dictionary*.

Explain the following expressions: “pensive mood”; “his literary realm”; “that sceptre of despotic power”; “birch of justice”; “behind the throne”; “contraband articles”; “prohibited weapons.”

urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or “quilting-frolic,” to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel’s; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty em-

MERCURY: A Roman divinity, who is represented in art as a young man wearing a winged hat.

“*QUILTING-FROLIC*” (quilting bee): A meeting of women for the purpose of assisting one of their number in quilting a counterpane; usually followed by a supper or other entertainment to which men are invited. “Now (in the days of Peter Stuyvesant) were instituted *quilting bees* . . . and other rural assemblages where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddle, toil was enlivened by gayety and followed up by the dance.”—Irving, *Knickerbocker*, p. 405.

Explain the following: “petty embassies.”

bassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble, skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted,

#### CAVALIER: A horse-soldier.

Explain the following expressions: "their early emancipation"; "furbishing up"; "domiciliated"; "choleric old Dutchman."

issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grass-hoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested

**KNIGHT-ERRANT:** A knight who travelled in search of adventures for the purpose of exhibiting military skill.

**EWE NECK:** A thin, hollow neck.

on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite

**GORGET:** A piece of armor protecting the throat and upper part of the chest.

Explain the following expressions: "shambled out of the gate"; "golden livery"; "pensive whistle of the quail"; "farewell banquets." Why honest "cockrobin"?

game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note, and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little montero cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies

**MONTERO CAP:** A round cap with flaps which covered the sides of the face.

**HASTY-PUDDING:** A pudding made by dropping meal or flour into boiling water, stirring it while cooking.

Explain the following expressions: “querulous note”; “culinary abundance”; “oppressive opulence on the trees”; “leafy coverts.”

to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well-buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and “sugared suppositions,” he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down in the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still

**TREACLE:** Molasses, sugar syrup. Properly, the syrup obtained by refining sugar.

Explain the following: “sugared suppositions.”

water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets, hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations. The sons, in short square skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene,

PRIDE AND FLOWER: the choicest young men and women of the vicinity.

QUEUED: Braided into a tail, enceased in eel-skin.

BROM: A nickname for Abram.

Explain the following: "the pride and flower of the adjacent country"; "leathern-faced"; "withered little dames." What is meant by the following expressions: "buxom lasses"? "city innovations"?

having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty dough-nut, the tender olykoek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled

**OLYKOEK:** A cake fried in lard, such as the cruller and doughnut.

**DELECTABLE:** Delightful to the taste.

What is meant by the following expressions: "enraptured gaze"? "sumptuous time of autumn"?

higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! •I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round

**HEAVEN BLESS THE MARK:** The expression of an archer who, on making a good shot, would exclaim, “God save the mark!” meaning, “God prevent any one coming after from hitting the same mark and displacing my arrow.” In this instance it is an expression of humorous despair.

**NIGGARDLY:** Stingy.

**ITINERANT:** Journeying from place to place.

and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person.

**HARVEST MOON:** The full moon that occurs nearest the autumnal equinox, September 21st.

**ST. VITUS:** A name given to a nervous disease. St. Vitus was a patron saint of dancers and actors. A legend tells that on one occasion, when he had been shut up in a dungeon, his father, looking through a chink in the door, saw him dancing with several beautiful angels; his father was so dazzled by the sight that he became blind and only recovered through his son's intercession.

He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawling out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

Cow-boys: British irregulars, who infested the neutral ground located between the British and American lines, and robbed all those persons who had taken the oath of allegiance to the American cause.

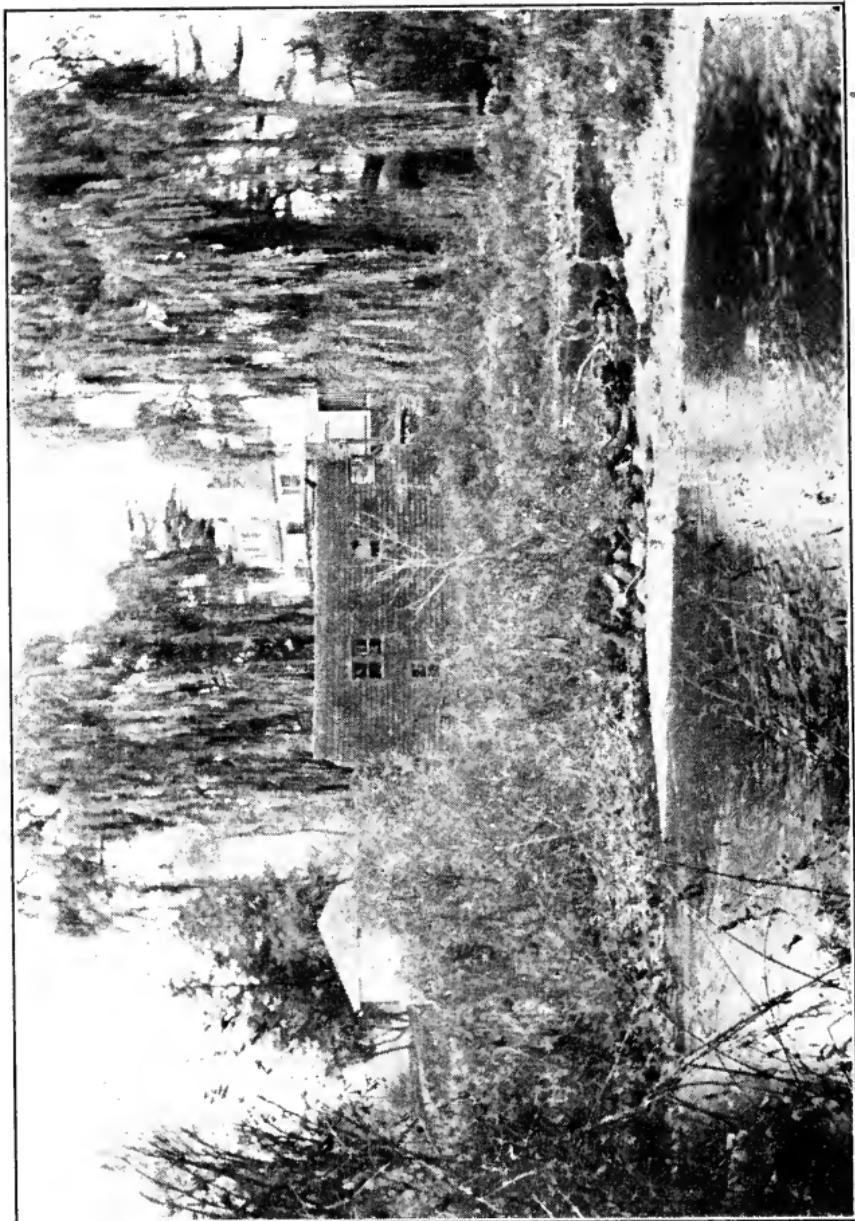
There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot, by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement

**MYNHEER:** The Dutch expression for Mr. or Sir; specifically, a Dutchman.

**WHITEPLAINS:** The battle took place October 28, 1776. After his occupation of New York, Howe made an unsuccessful attempt to break the blockade by getting in the rear of the American position. Washington concentrated at Whiteplains and Howe tried an attack in front. The engagement was indecisive.

OLD MILL



for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was

MAJOR ANDRÉ was acting adjutant-general to Sir Henry Clinton and the unfortunate victim of Benedict Arnold's treason. He was sent by Clinton to arrange with Arnold the details of the latter's projected treachery. The two conferred in secret near Stony Point, and André started back to New York. When near Tarrytown he was stopped by three Americans, searched, and delivered to the nearest military authorities. A military court condemned him to death and he was hanged at Tappan, October 2, 1780. In 1821 his remains were placed in a grave in Westminster Abbey. The three patriots, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were rewarded by Congress.

taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite

haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed, that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers

gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused

**PILLIONS:** A cushion fitted to a saddle behind as a seat for a second person, usually a woman.

**TÊTE-À-TÊTE:** Face to face; a confidential conversation.

his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No sign of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never

felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been seathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook

crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge, was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of a school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by

the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of

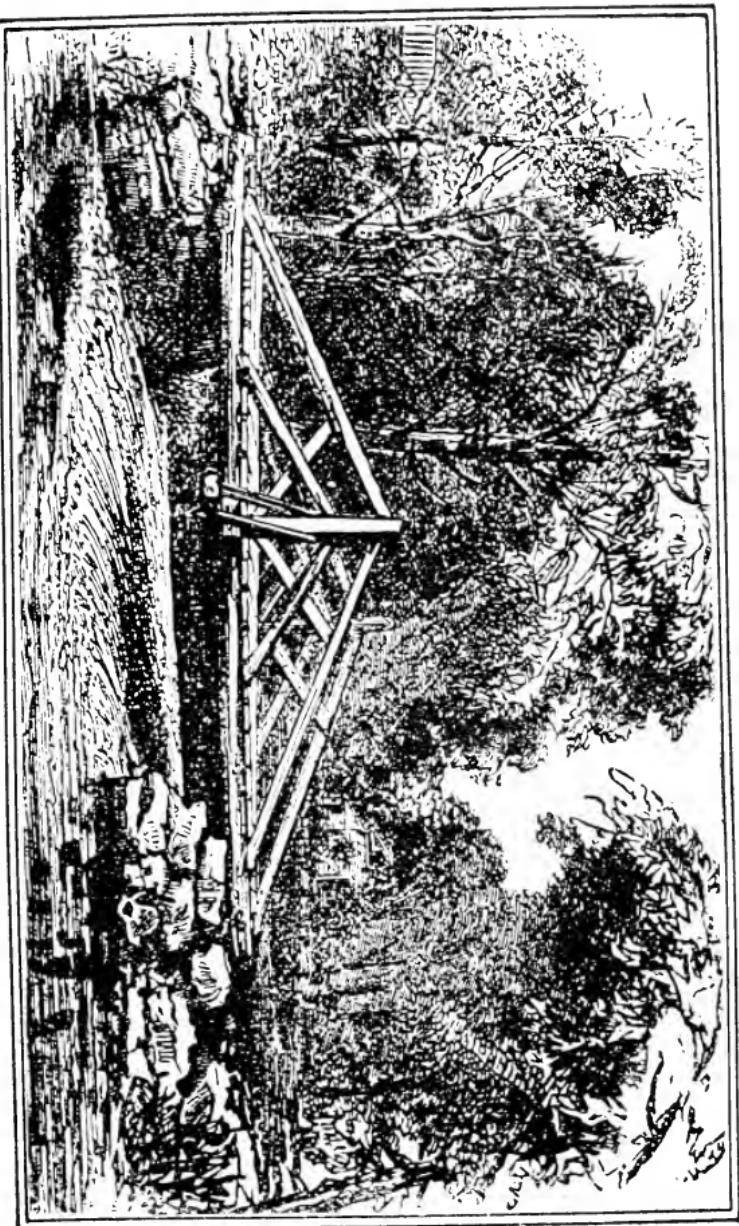
Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror struck, on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn and plunged headlong down hill to the left.

This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the white-washed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollect ed the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe."



HEADLESS HORSEMAN BRIDGE

Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church, was found the saddle, trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and, evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found

the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the school-master was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted, by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the school-master possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

**EXECUTOR:** The person appointed by the maker of a will to see that its provisions are carried into effect.

**Dog's ears:** The turned down corners of the leaves of a book, or bent over like the ears of a dog.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion, that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally, had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly

**TEN POUND COURT:** An inferior court having jurisdiction over cases not exceeding ten pounds.

after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day, that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

#### POSTSCRIPT,

#### FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER

THE preceding Tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation

POSTSCRIPT: A paragraph added to a letter or to a book which has already been concluded and signed by the writer.

meeting of the ancient city of the Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eye-brows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good ground—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other a-kimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove:—

“ That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

“ That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers, is likely to have rough riding of it:

“ Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress, is a certain step to high pre-ferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed, that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts:

“ Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “ as to that matter, I don’t believe one-half of it myself.”

D. K.

**ERGO:** A Latin word meaning therefore.

**RATIOCINATION:** The process of reasoning.

**SYLLOGISM:** A form of reasoning consisting of three propositions, the first two of which are called the premises and the third the conclusion; if the two premises are true, the conclusion necessarily follows.

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#### SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Where is Sleepy Hollow? Give a description of it.
2. Name the hero of the sketch; the heroine.
3. What is the general character of this sketch?

4. Give Hans Van Ripper's views on education.
5. What are the chief traits of the hero's character?
6. Which predominates in the sketch, character sketching or nature study?
7. How were the guests entertained at the quilting-bee?
8. Describe the "School in Sleepy Hollow."
9. Compare the schoolmaster in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* with the schoolmaster in *Snow-bound* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.
10. Which scene do you consider the most humorous? the most ludicrous?
11. Select the best description of the following: Persons, horses, buildings, scenes. Reproduce one of the selections in your own language.
12. Write a description of some farmhouse that you have seen, using Irving's description of the Van Tassel farmhouse as a model.
13. Describe the Headless Horseman as Ichabod saw him.
14. Name the best part of the story, and give your reasons for the selection.
15. Gather together all that the author says of any one character, summarizing each named.
16. What are the chief traits of the heroine's character?
17. Who settled Ichabod's estate? Enumerate his possessions.
18. What kind of a habit is an "inveterate" habit?
19. Why did Irving characterize Ichabod's courtship as an "enterprise"?

## CHRISTMAS EVE

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Saint Francis and Saint Benedight  
Blesse this house from wicked wight;  
From the night-mare and the goblin,  
That is hight good fellow Robin;  
Keep it from all evil spirits,  
Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets:  
From curfew time  
To the next prime.

CARTWRIGHT.

IT was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. “He knows where he is going,” said my companion, laughing, “and

SAINT FRANCIS (1182–1226): Founder of the sacred order of Franciscan Friars.

SAINT BENEDIGHT (480–543): Founder of the sacred order of Benedictine Monks.

GOOD FELLOW ROBIN: Puck, a celebrated fairy, “the merry wanderer of the night,” who figures largely in Shakespeare’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

CARTWRIGHT (1611–43): An English poet and dramatist. The stanza is quoted from *The Ordinary*, III, i.

is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My father, you must know, is a bigoted devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, the old English country gentleman; for our men of fortune spend so much of their time in town, and fashion is carried so much into the country, that the strong, rich peculiarities of ancient rural life are almost polished away. My father, however, from early years, took honest Peacham for his text-book instead of Chesterfield; he determined in his own mind that there was

**OLD SCHOOL:** A school or party belonging to a former time.

**GENTLEMAN:** Any man above the social rank of yeoman; in a more limited sense, a man who without a title bears a coat of arms or whose ancestors have been freemen; one of the class holding a middle rank between nobility and yeomanry.—*Century Dictionary*.

**PEACHAM, HENRY:** Author of *The Complete Gentleman*, published in 1622. Among other things he said: "I detest that effeminacy of the most that burn out day and night in their beds and by the fireside, in trifles, gaming or courting all the winter in the city; appearing but as cuckoos in the spring, one time in the year to the country and their tenants, leaving the care of keeping good houses at Christmas to the honest yeoman of the country."

**LORD CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773):** Famous as a man of fashion. His work is *Letters to His Son*, in which he lays down many rules of conduct. To speak of a man as a Chesterfield is synonymous with saying that he is a model of politeness.

no condition more truly honorable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and therefore passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the subject. Indeed his favorite range of reading is among the authors who flourished at least two centuries since, who, he insists, wrote and thought more like true Englishmen than any of their successors. He even regrets sometimes that he had not been born a few centuries earlier, when England was itself and had its peculiar manners and customs. As he lives at some distance from the main road, in rather a lonely part of the country, without any rival gentry near him, he has that most enviable of all blessings to an Englishman, an opportunity of indulging the bent of his own humor without molestation. Being representative of the oldest family in the neighborhood, and a great part of the peasantry being his tenants, he is much looked up to, and in general is known simply by the appellation of 'The Squire,' a title which has been accorded to the head of the family since time immemorial. I think it best to give you these hints about my worthy old

"THE SQUIRE": In England a landed proprietor who is also justice of the peace; a term nearly equivalent to lord of the manor, as meaning the holder of most of the land in any neighborhood.  
—*Century Dictionary.*

TIME IMMEMORIAL: Time beyond memory.

father, to prepare you for any eccentricities that might otherwise appear absurd."

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs with which the mansion house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the

naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapor stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked around him with transport: "How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport'; yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamor of a troop of dogs

PEDANTRY: A boastful display of learning.

of all sorts and sizes, “mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree,” that, disturbed by the ring of the porter’s bell and the rattling of the chaise came bounding open-mouthed across the lawn.

“——The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!”

cried Bracebridge, laughing. At the sound of his voice the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moonbeams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second’s time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors who returned with that monarch at the

“MONGREL, PUPPY, ETC.”: See Goldsmith’s “Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog,” in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Chapter xvii.

“THE LITTLE DOGS AND ALL”: From *King Lear*, III, vi, 11, 66, 67.

Restoration. The grounds about the house were laid out in the old formal manner of artificial flower-beds, clipped shrubberies, raised terraces, and heavy stone balustrades, ornamented with urns, a leaden statue or two, and a jet of water. The old gentleman, I was told, was extremely careful to preserve this obsolete finery in all its original state. He admired this fashion in gardening: it had an air of magnificence, was courtly and noble, and befitting good old family style. The boasted imitation of nature in modern gardening had sprung up with modern republican notions, but did not suit a monarchical government; it smacked of the levelling system. I could not help smiling at this introduction of polities into gardening, though I expressed some apprehension that I should find the old gentleman rather intolerant in his creed. Frank assured me, however, that it was almost the only instance in which he had ever heard his father meddle with politics; and he believed that he had got this notion from a member of Parliament who once passed a few weeks with him. The squire was glad of any argument to defend his clipped yew trees and formal terraces, which had been occasionally attacked by modern landscape gardeners.

As we approached the house we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must pro-

RESTORATION: The return of Charles II in 1660 to the English throne after the period of Puritan supremacy.

ceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted and even encouraged by the squire throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon; the Yule clog and

**TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS:** The Christmas celebration formerly lasted until twelfth-night, from December 25th to January 6th.

**HOODMAN BLIND:** Blindman's buff.

**SHOE THE WILD MARE:** An old harvest game; riding the wild mare; a game of see-saw.

**HOT COCKLES:** A game in which the blindfolded person must guess who has struck him.

**STEAL THE WHITE LOAF:** A loaf of bread is placed upon the table; the members of the party are disguised; the one elected places his hand upon the loaf and guesses the names of those present; for every name correctly guessed a forfeit is due.

**BOB APPLE:** Catching with the teeth an apple floating in a tub of water.

**SNAP DRAGON:** A game in which raisins are snatched from a shallow dish of burning brandy.

**THE YULE CLOG:** A great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the house with great ceremony on Christmas eve, laid in the fireplace, and lighted with the brand of last year's clog. While it lasted, there was great drinking, singing, and telling of tales. Sometimes it was accompanied by Christmas candles; but in the cottages the only light was from the ruddy

Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe with its white berries hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons—one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The squire was a fine, healthy-looking

blaze of the great wood fire. The yule clog was to burn all night; if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill luck.

Herrick mentions it in one of his songs:

Come, bring with a noise,  
My merrie, merrie boyes,  
The Christmas log to the firing,  
While my good dame, she  
Bids ye all be free,  
And drink to your hearts desiring.

The Yule clog is still burnt in many farmhouses and kitchens in England, particularly in the north, and there are several superstitions connected with it among the peasantry. If a squinting person come to the house while it is burning, or a person barefooted, it is considered an ill omen. The brand remaining from the Yule clog is carefully put away to light the next year's Christmas fire.—Irving's Note.

**MISTLETOE:** The mistletoe is still hung up in farmhouses and kitchens at Christmas, and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked the privilege ceases.—Irving's Note.

**OXONIAN:** A student at Oxford.

old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance, in which the physiognomist with the advantage like myself of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate. As the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our traveling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously occupied: some at a round game of cards, others conversing around the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls about the floor showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the squire had evidently endeavored to restore it to something of its

primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armor, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted; so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlor and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat: this I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which

cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished beaufet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve.

I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth where-with we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humors of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight, brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it

like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and innuendoes with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harping upon old themes, which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at everything he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance; I could not wonder at it, for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket handkerchief; and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

I was let briefly into his history by Frank Bracebridge. He was an old bachelor, of a small independent income, which by careful management was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit; sometimes visiting

PUNCH AND JUDY: A famous street puppet-show; Punch strangles his child, beats his wife, and does other outrageous things in a comical way.

one branch, and sometimes another quite remote; as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connections and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty unaccommodating habits with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favorite with the old folks; he was a beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow; and he was master of the revels among the children: so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum, and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humor in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent, for no sooner was supper removed and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occa-

sionally into a falsetto like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty:

Now Christmas is come,  
Let us beat up the drum,  
And call all our neighbors together,  
And when they appear,  
Let us make them such cheer,  
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed every one to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. Master Simon, who seemed to be a kind of connecting link between the old times and the new, and to be withal a little antiquated in the taste of his accomplishments, evidently piqued himself on his dancing, and was endeavoring to gain credit by the heel and toe, rigadoon, and other

**RIGADOON:** A lively dance for one couple, characterized by a peculiar jumping step; it was very popular in England in the seventeenth century.

graces of the ancient school; but he had unluckily assorted himself with a little romping girl from boarding school, who by her wild vivacity kept him continually on the stretch, and defeated all his sober attempts at elegance,—such are the ill-assorted matches to which antique gentlemen are unfortunately prone!

The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity; he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all madcap youngsters, he was a universal favorite among the women. The most interesting couple in the dance was the young officer and a ward of the squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several shy glances which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them; and indeed the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and, like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the continent—he could talk French and Italian—draw landscapes, sing very tolerably—dance divinely; but above all he had been wounded at Waterloo. What

OXONIAN: A student or graduate of Oxford University, England.

WATERLOO: A village of Belgium ten miles from Brussels. Here the allies under Wellington and Blucher defeated Napoleon, June 18, 1815.

girl of seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection!

The moment the dance was over, he caught up a guitar, and lolling against the old marble fireplace, in an attitude which I am half inclined to suspect was studied, began the little French air of the Troubadour. The squire, however, exclaimed against having anything on Christmas eve but good old English; upon which the young minstrel, casting up his eye for a moment as if in an effort of memory, struck into another strain, and with a charming air of gallantry gave Herrick's *Night-Piece to Julia*:

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;  
The shooting stars attend thee,  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' the Wisp mislight thee;  
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

**LITTLE FRENCH AIR:** Probably, "O Richard, O mon roi," by Gretry.

**ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674):** A writer of charming lyrics.

The quoted stanza is from his *Ceremonies for Christmas*.

Then let not the dark thee cumber;  
What though the moon does slumber,  
    The stars of the night  
    Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me,  
    And when I shall meet  
    Thy silvery feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.

The song might or might not have been intended in compliment to the fair Julia, for so I found his partner was called; she, however, was certainly unconscious of any such application, for she never looked at the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the floor. Her face was suffused, it is true, with a beautiful blush, and there was a gentle heaving of the bosom, but all that was doubtless caused by the exercise of the dance; indeed, so great was her indifference, that she amused herself with plucking to pieces a choice bouquet of hothouse flowers, and by the time the song was concluded the nosegay lay in ruins on the floor.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous furniture of which might have been fabricated in the days of the giants. The room was panelled with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled; and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich though faded damask, with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow window. I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the easement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds as they receded became more soft and aërial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened; they became more and more tender and remote, and as they gradually died away my head sunk upon the pillow and I fell asleep.

WAITS: Musicians who sing or play on the streets Christmas eve or morning; serenaders.

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#### SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

1. What is the purpose of this sketch?
2. Name and describe the persons named in it.
3. Reproduce Frank Bracebridge's description of his father.

4. Reproduce in your own language the Christmas Eve festivities in Bracebridge Hall.
5. Consult the dictionary for the meaning of the following words: Bigoted, precedent, predilection, innuendo, hereditary, arrant, emanation, fabricated.
6. Give the history of the "Yule log."
7. Explain the following expressions: A bigoted devotee of the old school; filial reverence; retinue of the feast.
8. Describe the games; the dances.
9. Characterize Master Simon.
10. What was the policy of the old Squire on the home life of his children? the author's comments on this policy?

# WASHINGTON IRVING

(ESSAYIST, ROMANCER, HISTORIAN, BIOGRAPHER, TRAVELER)

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### HIS PARENTAGE AND BIRTH

Washington Irving was born in a modest house on William Street, midway between Fulton and John streets, in the city of New York, April 3, 1783, the year that witnessed the close of the Revolutionary struggle. William Irving, his father, was born on the island of Shapinska, and traced his descent from William De Irwyn, the armor-bearer of Robert Bruce; his mother, Sarah Sanders, was an Englishwoman, who lived in the town of Falmouth. The young couple were married in 1761 and two years later sailed for New York. The Revolution was ended and the American army entered the city of New York. "Washington's work is ended," said the mother, "and the child shall be named after him." When Washington Irving was six years old George Washington came to New York, then the capital of the country, to take the oath of office as the first President of the new republic. One day a Scotch maid-servant of the Irving family followed President Washington into a shop and said: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn that was named after you." With great dignity the President laid his hand on the head of the child and bestowed his blessing. In later years, Irving said, "that blessing has attended me through life."

## HIS BOYHOOD AND EDUCATION

The city of New York of Irving's day was an interesting place. It should be borne in mind that the city numbered less than 23,000 inhabitants. It covered the lower end of Manhattan Island and did not extend northward beyond the present City Hall Park. Beyond that were the farms and residences of the Dutch settlers. The fashionable promenade was then in Battery Park, while Nassau and Pearl streets were places of fashionable residences. People seldom took long journeys and mails were not very regular. It took a week to go from New York to Boston in a stage-coach, and all large rivers had to be crossed in boats. The tastes of the people were simple; the manners were agreeably free. Traders and merchants constituted the aristocracy. The houses were heated by means of large fireplaces. Of books, there were very few by American authors. Social life consisted largely in going out to dinner or tea or in going to church. Theatres were just beginning to be established in spite of furious opposition. A newspaper had been established in 1732. While wheeled vehicles were coming into use, the people traveled chiefly on horseback. "There was still a marked separation between the Dutch and English residents, though the Irvings seem to have been on terms of intimacy with the best of both nationalities. Although the town had a rural aspect, with its quaint dormer-window houses, its straggling lanes and roads, and the water-pumps in the middle of the streets, it had the aspirations of a city." Throughout his boyhood, as Irving tells us in *The Sketch-Book*, he was fond of solitary excursions, wandering into surrounding regions, drinking in the strange tales told by Dutch housewives of the old days, so involved by their drowsy imaginations in mystery and romance. These were the surroundings in which the boy's literary talent was to develop.

Not much can be said of Irving's education. "Like many another brilliant writer in English literature, he took little interest in the prescribed course of study. As was said of Shakespeare, he knew little Latin and less Greek, but it must not be supposed

that his early years went unimproved." In school he feasted on travels and tales, but hated arithmetic. He wrote compositions for the boys, who, in turn, worked his sums for him. He was an eager reader, and devoured such books as *Sinbad the Sailor*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. His school education was over at sixteen. To his lasting regret, in later life, he did not avail himself of going to Columbia College, where his two brothers, Peter and John, had been graduated.

At the age of sixteen he entered the law office of Judge Jeremiah Ogden Hoffman, but he was an indifferent student and never acquired a taste for the profession of law. On the contrary, he spent most of his time in self-culture, in reading books of poetry and travel. In 1789 he made a holiday excursion in Westchester County and exploring with his gun the Sleepy Hollow section, which he was in after life to immortalize with the legend of the Headless Horseman. While a student in Judge Hoffman's office he became enamored of Miss Mathilda Hoffman, and his ardent love was fully reciprocated. After a brief illness Miss Hoffman, who was both lovely in person and mind, died in her eighteenth year. Irving never recovered from the effects of her death; her Bible and prayer-book were always with him; her picture and a lock of her hair were found at his death among his private papers. "With a constancy as it is rare he remained faithful to his first love throughout life." Miss Hoffman's friend, Rebecca Gratz, a Jewess, who cared so solicitously for Miss Hoffman during her illness, is the original of Scott's heroine, Rebecca. Irving's enthusiasm prompted her creation.

#### FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE

At this period Irving showed symptoms of pulmonary weakness, and in 1804 his brothers decided to send him to Europe for the benefit of his health. Accordingly, he embarked on a sailing vessel for Bordeaux. His consumptive appearance caused the captain to remark, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across," but the gloomy prediction was not fulfilled. He

visited in succession the principal cities of Italy, France, and England. He met many eminent persons, among them John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. In Rome he met Washington Allston, whose enthusiasm for art almost persuaded Irving to become an artist. After a stay of two years he took ship for America, and after a rough voyage of nine weeks arrived safely at New York.

#### ADMISSION TO THE BAR

Irving again took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar of the state of New York in November, 1806. It is generally believed that his admission was due more to the friendship and good nature of his examiners than to his knowledge of the subject. The law was distasteful to him, while society attracted and devoured his time. He willingly accepted the office of "champion at the tea parties." In the midst of his social successes Irving gave the first decided evidence of the choice of a career.

#### SALMAGUNDI

In association with his brother William and James K. Paulding he issued a semimonthly periodical, entitled *Salmagundi*, which ran through twenty numbers and stopped for a lack of appreciation. This modest production was an imitation of *The Spectator*, and aimed "simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age."

#### IRVING'S LITERARY CAREER

may be divided into four distinct periods, "corresponding to four literary themes which at different periods of his life engage him."

#### THE PERIOD OF SKETCHES

This period includes his literary product between 1809 and 1826. Irving's second literary venture was his famous *Knickerbocker History of New York*, partly intended as a take-off, a satire on a

book just published by Dr. Samuel Mitchell, entitled *Picture of New York*, and a humorous portrayal of the old Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam. It won for its author instant fame. It became a household word. The book was cleverly advertised before it appeared. One day a notice appeared in the *New York Evening Post* under the head of "Distressing." It spoke of the disappearance of one Diedrich Knickerbocker. Another notice which followed said a very curious manuscript in his own handwriting had been found in his room. The way was thus prepared for *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. Everybody read it and everybody laughed except the aggrieved descendants of the satirized Dutch settlers. The humor of the book is all the more surprising when it is remembered that while Irving was writing it he was passing through the greatest sorrow of his life through the death of his betrothed, Miss Hoffman.

For ten years Irving wrote nothing more. Finally, he went to England in behalf of the business in which he and his brothers were interested. The business was a failure, but still Irving remained in England. A government position in Washington had been offered him, but he refused it. Irving was at this time about thirty-five years of age, and his friends thought that if he intended to make his living with his pen it was time that he settled down to work in real earnest. His reputation as the author of *Knickerbocker* made him a welcome guest in literary circles. He was cordially received in Edinburgh, and spent a few days with Scott in his home at Abbotsford, and felt the charm of his family circle. He became acquainted with Kean, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Disraeli, Jeffrey, and Murray. Yet, in the midst of his social engagements, he found time for quiet rovings through Warwickshire and other parts of England, gathering material for *The Sketch-Book*.

### *The Sketch-Book*

Finally, Irving settled down quietly to literary work, and soon began to send manuscript to a New York publisher. In June, 1819, the first number of *The Sketch-Book* was published in New

York and Philadelphia. The book took the form of a collection of detached sketches. The first number appeared in May, 1819, under the nom-de-plume of Geoffrey Crayon, and contained "The Author's Account of Himself," "The Voyage," "Roscoe," "The Wife," and "Rip Van Winkle." The second number contained four sketches: "English Writers on America," "Rural Life in England," "The Broken Heart," and "The Art of Book-making." The third number contained the following: "A Royal Poet," "The Country Church," "The Widow and Her Son," and "The Boar's Head Tavern." The fourth number contained "The Mutability of Literature," "The Spectre Bridegroom," and "Rural Funerals." The fifth number consisted of the charming "Christmas Essays." The sixth contained "The Pride of the Village," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and "John Bull." The seventh and last number contained "Westminster Abbey," "Stratford-on-Avon," "Little Britain," and "The Angler." In the collected edition the following sketches were added, "Traits of Indian Character" and "Philip of Pokanoket."

The book was hailed with extravagant praise. Irving became the literary lion of the day. Byron pronounced *The Broken Heart* "one of the finest things ever written on earth."

"*The Sketch-Book* contains some of Irving's most dainty work. Four, at least, of the sketches will endure as long as does the language. 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' have made the Highlands of the Hudson classic ground, and have added two distinct characters to the literature of the world. The paper on Stratford-on-Avon has thrown a new spell over the birthplace of Shakespeare, and no one now visits this memory-haunted spot without Irving's work in his satchel. For grace and pensive beauty the 'Westminster Abbey' and 'The Angler' are worthy to be compared with the best of Addison and Goldsmith."

### *Bracebridge Hall*

was published in 1822. In *Bracebridge Hall* he draws ideal pictures of English country life; of the old-fashioned manor house

and its inmates; of the beauty, cheer, and joy of the Yuletide; of St. Mark's eve and May-day; of the old landmarks of the old school. It is the English sketch-book. Then followed *The Tales of a Traveler*, which was published in 1824.

### THE PERIOD OF SPANISH SUBJECTS

In 1826 Irving was invited by Alexander H. Everett to come to Spain to undertake the translation of Navarrete's *Voyages of Columbus*. Irving soon gave up the idea, and planned to write an independent book on the life of the great discoverer. He found such a rich store of material in Spain that he remained there for three years. The results of his labor were his *Life of Columbus*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *The Companions of Columbus*, and, that most charming sketch-book, *The Alhambra*. Irving's various works of this period should be read in the following order: *Mahomet and His Successors* (1850), *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* (1835), *Moorish Chronicles* (1833), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), *The Alhambra* (1832), *The Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828), *Spanish Voyages of Discovery* (1831).

### THE PERIOD OF AMERICAN SUBJECTS

In 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he returned to his native land. The town he had left had grown in seventeen years almost beyond recognition. "His countrymen's appreciation of him had grown in equal measure." To acquaint himself with the development of his country during his absence he made a tour into the South and the far West. This tour was productive of the following works: *A Tour of the Prairies*, *Astoria*, and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*.

### SUNNYSIDE

On his return from the West he purchased a Dutch stone cottage on the banks of the Hudson, below Tarrytown, once the home of the Van Tassels, and near the Sleepy Hollow Region he had immortalized. An architect extended the cottage, until under its

name of "Sunnyside" it bore the look of an English country-house. It acquired a tower and a whimsical weather-vane brought from the Stadt-house of New Amsterdam. The house is mantled with ivy from a slip brought over from Scott's "sweet Melrose," by Mrs. Jane Renwick, famous in literature as "The Blue-eyed Lassie" of Burns. Here Irving was visited by Napoleon III and Daniel Webster. As Thackeray has said, "the gate of his charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut no one out."

Once more he left his beloved country for four years to become Minister to Spain. With the exception of that absence he spent the last twenty-seven years of his life at Sunnyside.

#### THE PERIOD OF BIOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS

Upon his return from Spain in 1846 he settled down at Sunnyside and published three biographies: *The Mahomet*, previously mentioned, *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, and *The Life of Washington*.

#### HIS DEATH

Irving died at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859, and was buried on a beautiful Indian-summer day in the Sleepy Hollow cemetery which he had made immortal. In the language of Longfellow, "In the Churchyard at Tarrytown,"

"Here lies the gentle humorist, who died  
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!  
A simple stone, with but a date and name  
Marks his secluded resting-place beside  
The river that he loved and glorified."

#### CHRONOLOGY OF IRVING'S WORKS

1807. Washington Irving, his brother William, and James K. Paulding issued a semimonthly magazine entitled *Salmagundi*. It was an imitation of *The Spectator*.

1809. *History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. A humorous treatment of the traditions and customs belonging to the period of Dutch domination.

1819. *The Sketch-Book*, by Geoffrey Crayon. Written in England and published serially in America. Its immortal creations are "Rip Van Winkle" and "Ichabod Crane."

1822. *Bracebridge Hall*, the English sketch-book. The characters in the Christmas sketches reappear in this book. The original, *Ashton Hall*, is in the vicinity of Birmingham. Some of its stories, like "The Stout Gentleman," "Annette Delarbe," and "Dolph Heyleger," are models of brilliant and effective narrative.

1824. *The Tales of a Traveler*. This book was far below its predecessors in interest and literary merit, and was severely criticized on both sides of the Atlantic.

#### PERIOD OF SPANISH SUBJECTS

1828. *The Life and Voyages of Columbus*. It is recognized as the standard English biography of Columbus. It at once gave Irving an honorable place among historians. A sequel to *The Life of Columbus*.

1829. *The Conquest of Granada*. The most interesting, perhaps, of his Spanish works. Although real history, it reads like fiction.

1831. *Companions of Columbus*.

1832. *The Alhambra*. Prescott called it "The beautiful Spanish sketch-book." Regarded by many as the best of Irving's Spanish works.

1833. *Moorish Chronicles*. A record of the campaigns of two kings, Count Fernan Gonzalez, of Castile, and Fernando III, of Leon.

1835. *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*. A collection of traditions of Don Roderick and the days that followed his overthrow.

1850. *Mahomet and His Successors*. Recounts the rise and spread of Mohammedanism up to the eve of the Arab invasion of Spain.

## PERIOD OF WESTERN AMERICAN SUBJECTS

1835. *A Tour of the Prairies*. Record of a month's expedition from Fort Gibson up the Arkansas to near the present boundary of Kansas. A faithful picture of the West of that day.

1836. *Astoria*. A history of the fur-trading settlement at the mouth of the Columbia River, written at the request of John Jacob Astor.

1837. *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*. It describes in a vivid way the wild, daring, reckless life of the hunter, trapper, and explorer.

## PERIOD OF BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

1849. *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith*. "One of the best biographies in the whole range of English literature."

1850. *Mahomet and His Successors*. Not a success.

1855-59. *The Life of Washington*. The outcome of thirty years of thought. It was published in five volumes. Recognized as the standard life of a remarkable man and the crowning work of a brilliant literary career.

## CRITICAL ESTIMATES

"Washington Irving! Why, gentleman, I don't go upstairs to bed two nights out of the seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm."—Charles Dickens.

"If he wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, it's ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving."—Edward Everett's "Advice to a Student."

"Every reader of Washington Irving knows the story of Rip Van Winkle's adventures of the Kaatskill Mountains—that delightful, romantic idyl, in which character, humor, and fancy are so delicately blended."—William Winter.

"The best example of his powers is found in *The Sketch-Book*—mild, cheerful, fanciful, thoughtful, humorous. 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'Sleepy Hollow' are among the finest pieces of fiction to be found in any literature. As we read we are drawn to beauty, gentleness, sunshine, elevating seriousness, or chastening sorrow."—Alfred H. Welsh.

"His stories of 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'Sleepy Hollow' are among the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced."—Robert Chambers.

"The style of the sketches is everywhere his own—pure, chaste, easy, flowing; often elegant and always appropriate to the theme in hand; rich, yet not extravagant with varied and pertinent imagery—pleasant flowers of speech intermingling themselves with his graceful and facile style."—Charles Adams.

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